

Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST—Jefferson.

VOL. 8.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1848.

No. 39.

Look at this, no Humbug but Reality.

PIANO FORTES FOR SALE.

A copy of the report of the Judges of Musical Instruments at the late exhibition of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia:

The Committee have awarded C. Meyer with a premium for the best seven octave Piano. The ground of this decision was the general excellence of the piano, and especially its power, brilliancy, and delicacy of touch. The judges did not give premiums for the best finished instruments, conceiving the best palpable test of a piano to be its musical capabilities, and not its originality, its mechanical identity, or that elegance of finish, which effects neither the action nor the tone, and is only designed to please the eye and not to satisfy the ear.

Another copy of the report of the judges of musical instruments at the late exhibition at Boston:—The committee have selected No. 591 a seven octave piano made by C. Meyer, worthy of special commendation.

No. 591, is a very fine instrument, ported, fairly commendable for its elastic and ready touch, in repeated trials by different hands. The keys never failed of certain repetitions in the shake. The tone throughout was even of great beauty and power from the lowest note to highest, and the damping was perfect in all cases.

The North American of Philadelphia, January 4, 1848, contains the following notice:

A Compliment to a Philadelphia Piano Manufacturer. Our Boston neighbors know how as well as we do to appreciate a good thing. The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association, at their last Annual Fair,—that of the autumn of 1847—awarded to CONRAD MEYER, the celebrated Piano Manufacturer of this city, a diploma and silver medal, for the best seven octave piano—a compliment no other piano manufacturer of our city has received.

The subscriber keeps always on hand a supply of C. Meyer's Pianos, which he will dispose of, either for cash or in exchange for second hand instruments, at manufacturers' prices.

A. ZULICH, Agent for C. M. Easton, March 2, 1848.—6m

Doctor Yourself! For 25 Cents.

By means of the POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, OR, EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN! Seventeenth Edition, with upwards of One Hundred Engravings, showing private diseases in every shape and form, and malformations of the generative system, by Wm. YOUNG, M. D.

The time has now arrived, that persons suffering from secret disease, need no more become the victims of Quackery, as by the prescriptions contained in this book any one may cure himself, without hindrance to business, or the knowledge of the most intimate friend, and with one tenth the usual expense. In addition to the general routine of private diseases, it fully explains the cause of Manhood's early decline, with observations on Marriage—besides many other derangements which it would not be proper to enumerate in the public prints.

Persons residing at any distance from Philadelphia, can have this Book forwarded to them through the Post-office, on the receipt of twenty-five cents, directed to Dr. Wm. Young, 152 SPRUCE Street, Philadelphia. January 27, 1848.—3m.

WATCHES.

A good assortment of Watches, for sale, at reduced prices, by JOHN H. MELICK. Stroudsburg, Jan. 1, 1846.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of Administration, de bonis non, have been granted by the Register of Monroe county to David Keller, upon the Estate of Abraham Shaffer, dec'd, late of Chesnut Hill township, in said county. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to pay the same, and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated to the subscriber at his residence in Stroudsburg.

DAVID KELLER, Adm'r., de bonis non. January 17, 1848.—6t.

THOS. A. BOYD. MORRIS R. STROUD.

BOYD & STROUD, SUCCESSORS TO ALEX. READ, Importers of & Dealers in China, Glass & Queensware, 26 NORTH FOURTH ST. Four doors below the Merchants' Hotel, PHILADELPHIA.

January 20, 1848.—6m.

SOAPS.

Fine scented Soaps for washing and shaving—also the celebrated shaving cream, for sale cheap, by JOHN H. MELICK. Stroudsburg, January 1, 1846.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

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Jeffersonian Republican.

FOR THE JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

Poets and Poetry.

This is certainly a progressive age. The height of perfection to which the fine arts are being carried at the present day, is alone sufficient to establish the verity of this asseveration. We will mention one, that of Poetry,—for who will pretend to deny that a new era in this art has dawned upon the world. The admirers of Pope, Campbell and Byron, have been suddenly awakened from an idyllic trance, by the rich, gushing and ever varying strains breathed from the Lyres of contemporary authors. The productions of the trio just mentioned, and others who rank equally as high—though at one time considered the very ne plus ultra of perfection—are now being completely cast into the shade by the sterling effusions of our own immortal bards. It would be presumptuous in us to endeavor to point out the peculiar merits of these highly gifted writers. We hope, however, that we will not be considered sycophantic, if we should say that their productions are radiant with the beauties of a lofty genius, glowing with the fires of poetic imagination, and rich in new-born and glorious mentalities. The productions of old authors must give way to those of the new school, which if we are not mistaken, must soon be received cordially within the purlieus of polished society, and be quoted with favor in fashionable literary coteries. In a poem recently published entitled "Spring," the writer in speaking of the return of the ever-welcome warblers, perpetrates the following—the melody of which, is only equalled by its loftiness of sentiment:

"Some birds are white, and some are black, And so am I, a chimney sweep, And some are red, like daddy barn That coat a hundred dollars."

From another on "Intemperance," we culled a beautiful extract.

"Gin am white and brandy red, That makes a man a 'lunatic,' It snaps his eyes and reels his head, And drowns his house 'ker flumicks."

The intrinsic beauty and worth of the following lines must be apparent to the most casual observer. They are from an unfortunate sutor to his lady-love. For elegance of diction and harmony of versification, they stand unrivalled, and must enlist the kindest sympathies of the reader.

"Repulsed; O I cannot bear the thought, It makes me all forlorn—ee: Remember the candies I have bought, I'm O P H for Californ-ee."

But the stanza given below, from a "miscellaneous poem," for loftiness and purity of sentiment and perspicuity of style, may be said to be the brightest jewel in the casket. It huris defiance at criticism itself and beggars all panegyric.

"The night was dark, the rains fell fast When Judy lost her slippers, The winds were high—the fence fell down And let in all the 'critters."

We might go on making extracts ad infinitum to prove the merits of contemporary poets, and to assist those who wish to cultivate a taste for the sublime—but we forbear. We would merely say of the suitors of those capricious old maids, the Muses, that it is their "manifest destiny" to be the lights of the nineteenth century—to shine as stars in the "array of intellect."

SPOONS, Jr.

Thank You, Sir.

"Come, Charles, my son," said Deacon Allworth, "take one of these turkeys and carry it up to Parson Moody, for Thanksgiving."

"No, father, I don't do that again, I tell you."

"What do I hear now, Charles? These five and twenty years I have sent the parson a turkey, and Joe has carried them, and Tom, Jerry, and you—without ever refusing before. What is the matter now?"

"Why, father, he never thanks me for bringing it to him; besides he took me to task a while ago, because I started out of meeting too early."

"Well, son, you know it is the custom for the minister to go out before any of the congregation starts—this is done as a mark of respect."

"Respect or not, he's nothing but a man, and as for creeping for him I won't do it."

"Well, let it pass, and carry him the turkey, and if he don't thank you for it, I will."

Charles shouldered the fowl, and in a short time was at the house of the minister, who was seated in the parlor, surrounded by a number of friends, who had come to pass Thanksgiving with him. The lad entered without knocking, and bringing the turkey from his shoulders heavily upon the table, said:

"Mr. Moody, there's a turkey for you; if you want it you may have it; if you don't I'll carry it back again."

"I shall be very glad of it said the minister; but I think you might learn a little manners, Charles. Can't you do an errand better?"

"How would you have me do it?" said Charles.

"Sit down in my chair," said the parson, "and I will show you."

Charles took the chair while the divine took the turkey and left the room. He soon returned—took off his hat—made a very low bow, and said:—

"Mr. Moody, here is a turkey which my father sent you, and wishes you to accept it as a present."

"Charles rose from his seat and took the fowl, and said to the minister—

"It is a very fine one, and I feel very grateful to you father for it. In this and in other numerous instances he has contributed to my happiness. If you will just carry it into the kitchen and return again, I will send for Mrs. Moody to give you a half a dollar."

The parson walked out of the room—his friends laughed at the joke, and made up a purse for the lad, who ever afterward received a reward for his services.

The First Marriage.

Marriage is of a date prior to sin itself—the smile that God let fall on the world's innocence lingering and playing still upon its sacred visage. The first marriage was celebrated before God himself, who filled, in His own person the office of Guest, Witness and Priest. There stood the two godlike forms of innocence fresh in the beauty of their unstained nature. The hallowed shades of the garden, and the green carpeted earth, smiled to look on so divine a pair. The crystal waters flowed by, pure and transparent as they. The unblemished flowers breathed innocence on the sacred air, answering to their upright love. An ardent round of joy from all the vocal natures, was the hymn—a spontaneous nuptial harmony, such as a world in tune might yield, ere discord was invented. Religion blessed her two children thus, and led them forth into life, to begin her wondrous history.

The first religious scene they knew, was their own marriage before the Lord God. They learned to love him as the interpreter and Sealer of their love to each other; and if they had continued in their uprightness, life would have been a form of wedded worship—a sacred mystery of spiritual loneliness and communion.

They did not continue. Curiosity triumphed over innocence. They tasted sin, and knew it in their fall. Man is changed; woman is changed; man's heart and woman's are no longer what the first hearts were. Beauty is blemished. Love is debased. Sorrow and tears is the world's cup. Sin has swept away all paradise matter, and the world is bowed under its curse. Still one thing remains as it was. God mercifully spared one token of the innocent world, and that the dearest, to be a symbol forever of the primal love. And this is marriage—the religious state of marriage. This one flower of paradise is blooming yet in the garden of sin.

Hints on Diet.

The means of preserving health are more plain and simple than those of restoring it. Quacks and self-doctors often "pour drugs," of which they know little, into bodies of which they know less.

Great eaters never live long. A voracious appetite is a sign of disease, or of a strong tendency to disease, and not of health as is generally supposed.—Hitchcock.

A large number—perhaps a majority—of the standard works of English literature, were composed of men whose circumstances compelled them to adopt a very spare diet, and probably this is one cause of their superiority.—Ib.

There is nothing more ridiculous than to see tender, hysterical, and vaporish people, complaining, and yet perpetually cramming, crying out they are ready to sink in the ground, and faint away, and yet gobbling down the richest and strongest food and highest cordials, to oppress and overlay them quite.—Dr. Cheyne.

More nourishment and strength are imparted by six ounces of well digested food, than by sixteen imperfectly concocted.—Southern Review.

Gutta Percha and its Uses.

Among the novelties of the present age is the gutta percha. It is not less curious in its physical qualities than valuable because of the uses to which it can be readily applied. It

possesses all the tenacity of caoutchouc with greater firmness and resiliency. Something was wanted that would combine all the valuable properties of the best tanned leather and yet flexible as the Indian gum, and the gutta percha appears to supply that desideratum. The gutta percha is not a substitute for leather, but a far better material, equally flexible, and far more durable. In this way catarrh from wet feet is more effectually prevented than by an Indian-rubber slipper. A sole of any thickness may be made to adhere so closely to the leather sole as to defy any agent but fire for its removal and being perfectly and absolutely impervious to water, no better protection can be needed. In fact, there is no purpose which either leather in any form, or caoutchouc, is applicable, that is not far better consulted by the preference of gutta percha, with this additional advantage, that many things can be made from it far better answering the intention than if either were employed.

Piping may be made of gutta percha. Its use for many surgical purposes, is most beautiful. Gutta percha may be rolled out thinner than gold beater's skin to any size. The various articles of dress, capes, leggings, umbrellas, and other defences against rain, hat cases, drinking cups, backs for hair and clothes brushes, buckets for fire engines, are a few of its various applications. In the ornamental arts, its use in bookbinding is becoming common.—Mouldings of all possible intricacy, from ceiling mouldings down to the copy of a coin can be constructed as truthfully of the gutta percha as though the copy were made in plaster of Paris, with this difference, that the plaster will break, and that nothing but a heavy hammer, or a red hot fire can deface the other; air, acids, and the ordinary chemical agencies having no action upon it. Cricket balls, whips, picture frames, fancy boxes, ink-stands, and floor-cloths, are some of its forms. The quantity imported into this country is as yet hardly sufficient to meet the demand for its manufacture. Already the public are becoming familiar with it—at least in London—as forming the additional sole for shoes that are partly in wear; but besides this, immense quantities of shoes are now manufactured, of which the sole is entirely and directly constructed of the gutta percha, glued or stuck on to the sole by a peculiar solution made for the purpose, and that defies any separation.

First Transit over the Cataract.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Courier and Inquirer under date of the 18th inst., thus says concerning the bridge now constructing over Niagara:

The work is begun, and the first crossing has been made! I am fortunately enabled to send to the Courier some thrilling facts connected with this journey, such as no man in the New World ever before made.

"I raised, (says the distinguished Engineer,) my first little wire cable on Saturday, and anchored it securely both in Canada and New York. To-day (March 13.) I tightened it up, and suspended below it an iron basket, which I had caused to be prepared for the purpose, and which is attached to pulleys about the cable.

"On this little machine I crossed over to Canada, exchanged salutations with our friends there and returned again, all in fifteen minutes. The wind was high and the weather cold, but yet the trip was very interesting to me—up as I was two hundred and forty feet above the rapid, and viewing as I did from the very centre of the river, one of the most sublime prospects which nature has prepared on this earth of ours.

"The machinery did not work as smoothly as I wished, but in the course of this week I will have it so adjusted that any body may cross in safety."

The view from the centre of the bridge must have been glorious, but whether sufficiently so to have repaid the adventurous architect for his perilous journey, I leave the romantic readers of the Courier to imagine. I understand that a lady has since the above date made the daring transit.

I have watched the progress of this great work anxiously. The engineer is writing his name in iron letters on the record of useful men. This is not his only achievement. The bridge constructing at Wheeling, Virginia, of 1000 feet span, is his designing. I shall keep your readers advised of every important movement in the great national work, whose first usefulness to man (the object of all right labor) I chronicle to-day. I trust it may be ages before any one may be able to say, in respect to this Bridge of the Cataract—"The last link is broken."

Sensible.

A down east editor refuses the offer of an apothecary, to advertise his drugs and medicines and to take the pay out of the shop. He says he will take all sorts of produce in payment for his paper and advertising, such as parsnips, wooden combs, old clothes and cold victuals—But he won't physic.

President Polk.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.

WASHINGTON, March 13, 1848.

"Terrible," said Mr. Polk, at the time he put on the Presidential robes, "terrible shall be my wrath, if any power of Europe undertakes a system of colonization upon this continent, while I am at the head of affairs in the United States. I renew the doctrine laid down by Mr. Monroe, in 1824, and I dare all Europe to attempt to obtain a foothold upon this continent! Let the British lion roar—let the French bull-frog croak—let the Russian bear growl they shall not intimidate "little Jimmy Polk." I am for the whole of Oregon, up to the line of 54 40, from which I will never recede!"

These are not, of course, the exact words of Mr. Polk, but they convey the spirit and substance of what he boastingly proclaimed. The phrase "little Jimmy Polk" is his own. He has often used it on the stump in Tennessee.

Now, what has Mr. Polk done, in accordance with his boast of what he would do, and what he would not, permit any European power to do on this continent? That is the question—what has he done.

Why, the British lion roared one day, and the valiant Mr. Polk exclaimed, "Oh don't—I'll yield—I'll take the back track—I'll fulfil Mr. Adams' prediction—I'll back out—I'll ask the Senate to give up half of Oregon, and, if it consents, I'll gladly take the 49th line of parallel and be content! but I'll make Mexico suffer, that I will! I'll have indemnity for the past and security for the future! I'll bargain with and restore to power the Great Santa Anna, and I'll make war on Mexico and then conquer a peace, which will give me at least half of her territory, which will make up for what I yielded to Great Britain in Oregon."

Such, in substance, was Mr. Polk's language while taking the back track on the Oregon question! And how has he since carried out Mr. Monroe's doctrine? He sent Don Nicholas P. Toist to Mexico, to make a peace. There the British Agents, Diplomats and Bankers took, not only the Mexican Government, but Senor Don Nicholas into their keeping—fixed up a Treaty, which they got the Mexican Government to adopt, which would put money into the pockets of the aforesaid British capitalists and negotiators to the tune of millions, at the expense of deluded and swindled Uncle Sam—and then sent said Treaty to Mr. Polk, who embraces the British bantling and sends it to our Senate, with an ardent desire that it may be ratified! And fearing the faithful in that body may go against it, as being too favorable to the wants, wishes and interests of the British interlopers in the matter, he implores, importunes, and holds his power over the heads of the faithful aforesaid, to induce them to support the British bantling. They support it, and it is ratified! Is there no interference here by a foreign power? John Bull gets all he asks in Oregon, and then out-manages Brother Jonathan, fools him, diddles him in the settlement of the Mexican question—makes him pay the millions of claims due our citizens from the Mexican Government, and fifteen millions more to Mexico for Alto California, which, with the exception of the Bay of San Francisco, is not worth a bundle of shucks! What indemnity for the past is this? What security for the future?—What proof is there that one of the powers of Europe is not only gaining such a foothold as it likes in Oregon, on this continent, but is doing as it pleases with Mexican affairs, and also with the President of the United States? I ask, what proof is there, that Mr. Polk, like "Parley the Porter," is not doing the very thing he so vehemently and indignantly denounced, when he copied and endorsed the noted declaration, made by President Monroe, in 1823?

To Cut Glass with a Piece of Iron.

Draw with a pencil on paper any pattern to which you would have the glass conform; place the pattern under the glass, holding both together in the left hand, (for the glass must not rest on any plain surface; then take a common spike or similar piece of iron, heat the point of it to redness, and apply it too the edge of the glass; draw the iron slowly forward, and the edge of the glass will immediately crack; continue moving the iron slowly over the glass, tracing the pattern, and the chink in the glass will follow at the distance of about half an inch, in every direction according to the motion of the iron. It may sometimes be found requisite, however, especially in forming corners, to apply a wet finger to the opposite side of the glass. Tumblers and other glasses may be cut or divided very fancifully by similar means. The iron must be reheated as often as the crevice in the glass ceases to follow.—Scientific Mechanic.

Receipt for making New York Milk.

"Take two pounds of lime; two and a quarter pounds of chalk, one and three quarter pounds starch, 20 quarts of rain water, and to every quart of the solution add two table-spoonsful of the droppings from a cow, so as to give it the right color. Shake it about ten minutes, then settle it with a soft brickbat; then strain it through a pair of window shutters—and you will have the pure Orange county milk."